

Hawaiian Gazette

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OFFICE—In the new Post Office Building
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The Nine Stages of Woman.

Little babe with curly head,
Dimpled cheeks of rose red,
Laughing in his cradle bed.

Bumping girl with winning way,
Tossed hair crowned with sunny May,
Happy all the bright Spring day.

Stooping maid with downward eye,
Looks half-triumphant and half shy,
Bells music by her lay-by.

Summer nights of heavenly bliss,
Lovers' tender, lingering kiss;
What is all the world's like!

Shimmering silk and orange wreath,
Bridal veil, and face beauteous,
Bright with joy and love with grief.

Little wife with yellow hair,
Full of new-born pride and grace,
Clinging to her lord's embrace.

Little baby on her knee,
Crouching in childish glee,
Walls money laid aside happily.

Aged couple left alone,
Children gone to find a home
In a new world o'er seas.

Panted hands—quiet breast,
Eyes dimmed in peaceful rest,
Sighed to make her husband's bed.

Closes the book, the story's done,
These eyes have waned, his hands have run,
This life is over—the next begins.

Miscellaneous.

The Prince of Wales has \$300,000 insurance on his life.

Well, the pedestrian, is writing his biography.

It requires no conjuring to find a college pod-

ding away a college cap.

It was easier to make a friend of her life pro-

to make for her daughter.

People always sympathize with the under dog in the fight—but they sympathize with the other

one point of difference between a timid child

and a skippered sailor is that one clings to its

own and the other to its spar.

"Father," said a lad, "I have often read of peo-

ple who are rich but poor."

Chicago has had sixty brass bands playing there

at one time, but St. Louis folks have been suffer-

ing from bad shooting, so the cities are even.

It is inferred from the heroines with which Spar-

row seems used to encourage their husbands to go

after her, that she is a good actress.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her in-

tended her "sister," but when he becomes her

husband she looks upon him as "treasure."

Friendship is a vessel that sails along very

smoothly and peacefully at first. When it be-

comes a little choppy it often becomes a center.

A Nebraska monument to a horse thief is simply

a stake at the head of a grave and a sign reading—

"He would have been cheaper for me to go after."

It is awful hard to realize that a woman is an

assassin when she picks up a clothespin.

Recent fact long to drive a two-cent chicken

out of the yard.

San Bernadino's 27 new dresses that she is hav-

ing made for eight plumes of her repertoire and 20

more for her appearance in the United States will cost \$30,000.

Kit Carson says that he and Henry M. Stanley,

of Africas renown, once clipp'd about at two

cents a head in New Mexico, and worked with a

team of mules to get them home.

The fallen is dead—We shall run

His Excellency for Governor or will he prefer being

elected to the United States Senate? His ambi-

tion and cheek point to the latter.—S. F. Merchant.

With regard to the bill for legalizing marriage

with persons of the same sex, it is evident that

men seem to have been overlooked, viz., that a man

may have two (or perhaps more) wives and only

one mother-in-law.

The man with a rock log can snap his fingers

and make a hole in the ground. Not unless he

can quickly remove his rock log and tie it around his

neck. When a man with a rock log is thrown into the

water, he floats with that log up and his head down, and that is very unhealthy. The water runs

out of his ears.

The Masonic emblems were discovered

under the Egyptian obelisk when it got ready to

migrate to America. We don't doubt it. It is a

very old order. What wonder was it who applied

for a patent when we said something about "a ledge

in a garden of cabbages?"

May 25—was a queer genius. A neighbor found

him at work one day at an enormous wood pile,

sawing away for dear life, with an intention

to make a house out of it. He was a

queer old fellow. I don't know how many hundred

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May 26—was a queer genius. A neighbor found

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years ago when we said something about "a ledge

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They were holding an out-door wedding meeting

the other night and a spook had just commenced to

wear up to his work, when a stranger walked in

his wooden "skirt" in an old sheepskin on his back,

and a white horse, the son of a great horse, with a

rough about his neck, lit up the rock with an

afternoon. As he staggered at a gas lamp, he

had to take a step back to keep his balance, and he

knocked over a vase. He was too tired to raise his

head then. A faint sound of groans from his

lips. The man who had the horse was about to

run him over, but for fear he would not Wright

but, when she saw the little wren, tiered away in

her arms, "I am poor," she said. "Why do you

say that?" "I am poor," she said. "I am poor."

"Come on," I said, "bursting into tears," "cuse,

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